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ST OF GOOD MORALS.

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Charles L. Moore
Editor



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"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED
ALCOHOL"

I believe that alcohol, to a certain
degree, demoralizes those who make
it, those who sell it, and those who
drink it.

I believe from the time it issues
from the cooled and poisonous work
of the distillery until it empties into
the hell of crime, death and dishonor,
it demoralizes everybody that touches
it.

I do not believe that anybody can
contemplate the subject without be-
coming prejudiced against this liquid
crime.

All you have to do is to think of the
deaths of the suicides, of the insanity,
of the poverty, of the ignorance, of
the distress, of the little children tug-
ging at the faded dresses of weeping
and despairing wives, asking for
bread; of the men of genius it has
wrecked; of the millions who have
struggled with imaginary serpents
produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of
the almshouses, of the prisons, and of
the scaffold upon either bank, I do
not wonder that every thoughtful man
is prejudiced against this devilish
called alcohol.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

"Keep Church and State forever
separate."—GRANT.

"In no sense whatsoever is this gov-
ernment founded upon the Christian
religion."—WASHINGTON.

"The divorce between Church and
State should be absolute."—GARFIELD.

WANTED—Salesmen, local and gen-
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THE DEBATE

BETWEEN REV. WILKINSON AND
MYSELF AT RYAN, IND. TER.

Has Been Conducted With Pleasure
and Profit to Myself, and I Be-
lieve, with the Same to All Can-
did and Compelling People Who
Heard it, Whether Infidel or
Christian, Including Rev. Wilkin-
son Himself.

In giving an account of the discus-
sion between Rev. Wilkinson and myself,
at Ryan, Indian Territory, beginning
Monday night at 8:20, August 29, and
ending the following Thursday night,
with two sessions a day of two hours
each, making for each of us, 14
speeches of a half hour each, or 7
hours for each of us, I want to say
that Rev. Wilkinson and his friends
and my friends and our mutual
friends, whatever they may think or
say, one or both, of my judgment in
the matter, will at least give me full
credit for my sincerity in what I say,
and I say this with the understanding
that the Blade is to exchange with
the "Gospel Searchlight," the paper
of which Rev. Wilkinson is an editor,
with one or more of his brothers who
are also preachers, and with the inten-
tion of reprinting from his paper, in
full what he should report about the
debate, and of giving to him any and
all opportunity to say, in this paper,
absolutely, without any restriction,
even though disparagingly personal to
me, anything that from accident or
preference he may fail to say in his
own paper.

Soon after the beginning of my re-
ply to his opening speech, having
the affirmative of the first question
he politely requested that I should not
refer to him as "Reverend," as an in-
stance of good taste for which I com-
mend him and which I would com-
mend to others of the clergy; so that
I will speak of him as "Mr. Wilkin-
son," or perhaps abbreviate that, not
through any purpose of discourtesy,
but for brevity in the many uses of
his name that will be necessary in
this report.

Some persons there called me "Doc-
tor," and one old and venerable and
learned gentleman who had come
from some place in Texas, 450 miles
away, that being the State in which
there are cities 1,200 miles apart,
apologized for his insistence on call-
ing me "Judge," saying that was the
title that he thought naturally and
properly applied to me, while he de-
precated the use of the word "Broth-
er" that I prefer as my only prefix, he
saying that that word had been so
abused and so misapplied that he was
not willing to call me merely "Broth-
er Moore."

Of course to the complimentary pre-
ferences of all such I most respectfully
defer, though I would not court such
titles, and really think it possible that
they might, to some extent, do me
injury, though such titles are given
me by those who are really my friends.

There could, of course, be no im-
propriety in calling Ingersoll Colonel,
because he was actually a Colonel in
the Federal service during the civil
war.

I being a non-combatant through-
out that war, doing good, as occasioned
served to each side, and most for the
Confederates, as the most needed as-
sistance, would decidedly prefer to be
recognized as one of the very few
Kentuckians who are not Colonels,
because that tends to put me in a
class myself, a distinction that
has given me whatever of fame I have
been born to, to achieve or had
 thrust upon me.

So that while, altogether, I am un-
der the impression that the clergy,
as a general thing, court and accept
their high sounding titles, simply as
a gratification of their own personal
vanity, though opposed to their own
teacher who is reported to have said
"Be ye not called Rabbi," I can real-
ize now, perhaps more fully than be-
fore I personally met Mr. Wilkinson,
that there must be some preachers
who really do not like the title Re-
verend, though I believe we all un-
derstand that newspapers believe that
all preachers, the occasional disbeliever
to the contrary, believe that preachers
feel flattered to be called

Reverend, and other titles of compli-
mentary distinction, and that in the
usual pondering of newspapers to the
clergy the very fact of a preacher's
disclaiming any desire for any re-
verential title is the very best way for
him to secure that title.

At the same time it is but fair that
I should say that the fact that news-
papers, of the ordinary secular kind,
do not pander to preachers is evinced
by the fact that an exceedingly com-
mon item of news in all secular news-
papers, is the exposure of priests and
preachers for a great variety of
crimes, especially those of a sexual
nature, that they are said to commit.
I had never heard an oral debate of
any kind, religious or anything else,
until I was personally a participant
in this one, and I had never read any
religious debate, except the three, in
which Alexander Campbell, my pre-
ceptor in both my classic and my
theological college courses, had de-
bated with Owen, Rice and Purcell,
respectively Infidel, Presbyterian and
Catholic and these were read years
ago when I was preparing myself for
the ministry of the Christian, or
Campbellite, church, and the latter
name of which I, a few times, used in
the debate with Mr. W. only to dis-
tinguish the sect of which he is a
minister, and of which I formerly was,
from the other religious sects all of
which come under the general name
of Christian.

I make this explanation in my re-
cent debate, and showed that I would,
even now, as much as when I was a
preacher, be prejudiced against the
name "Campbellite," because my con-
tention is that my grandfather, Barton
W. Stone, an exceedingly modest and
greatly loved man, established that
church, which is to this day the most
advanced of all orthodox churches, in
1803, and that Mr. Campbell, never
came to America, and thus, for the
first time, heart of that church, until
1811, when because Mr. Campbell was
ambitious for fame, he systematically
wrested from my grandfather the dis-
tinction of having started that church,
and of having started it far in ad-
vance of any orthodox church, and
now existing, and that Mr. Camp-
bell gained this undesired leadership
in this church, but have emphasized
in its doctrine and unwritten creed,
the dogma of "baptism for the re-
mission of sins," a teaching that
Stone recognized as New Testament
teaching, but which Stone regarded,
as he should have done, as a very
unimportant matter, and to which
Campbell gave such sacred promi-
nence, that this doctrine of baptism
got to be almost the whole engrossing
distinction of the sect that, individ-
ually, generally, bears his name,
though a great centennial meeting of
that church, last year, at Cave Hill,
in Bourbon county, Kentucky, at
which the crowd was reported to be
from ten thousand to fifteen thou-
sand, and indicated that the silent and
complaining merit of my grandfather,
who was also a teacher and a schol-
arly man, and more loved than any
man who ever lived in Kentucky,
were again asserting themselves and
that he would ultimately be recog-
nized by the Christian, or Campbellite,
church as truly the founder of that
religious sect, which of course will
only be regarded as a sect like the
others, notwithstanding its protests
to the contrary.

Under these circumstances it will
be easily understood as I explained
in debate at Ryan, that I do not use
the term Campbellite indifferently, as
I was at first used, but rather that I
use it against my own very natural pre-
judices, and purely to distinguish our
particular sect that calls itself "Chris-
tian" as my grandfather taught they
should do, when Mr. Campbell's con-
tention was that they should call
themselves "Disciples," the two men
quoting the same scripture, Act 11, 26,
in justification of their respective po-
sitions, and the church deciding in
favor of Stone.

I say all this about Mr. Campbell,
as I intimated, in a few words, in
the debate while I claim to know Alex-
ander Campbell from all the angles of
his character, social, grave, humor-
ous and theological more thoroughly
than any living man, his own sons not
excepted, neither of them knowing or
caring anything about theology and
how I have immense reason for lov-
ing the great and famous theologian
who was one of three great scholars
who ordained me to the ministry of
the Campbellite church.

In spite of all of these facts I was,
when I came to read the debate be-
tween

DR. WILSON
DESCRIBES
HIS SEA TRIP

To be suddenly transplanted from
the middle of a great continent to
the middle of a great ocean, is a
change startling and strange. It is an
entrance to a new life, to an environ-
ment to which we are completely
strangers. From reading in the ad-
vanced school reader, Byron's "Apoc-
alypse to the Ocean," I was early im-
bued with the sense of the majesty
and sublimity of the sea.

DR. WILSON DESCRIBES HIS SEA TRIP

I should imagine and almost feel the
rapture of the lonely shore; I could
almost see "the glorious mirror where
the Almighty's form glimmers itself in
tempests—dark-heaving, boundless,
endless and sublime."

Then again, my spirits would be
somewhat dashed by Washington Ir-
ving's description, in the same reader,
of his first voyage, in which he de-
scribes the sea, after the first day's
experience, as monotonous and tame.
I said to myself, I would like to know
which is right, and I, too, will write
my impressions, if it should ever hap-
pen that I would make an ocean voy-
age—a dream indulged in that far
time, without even a hope of realiza-
tion.

But Time works wonders, and here
I am, exchanged as if by magic, from
rocking and bouncing about on a
load of hay, to the upper deck of this
great ship, bounding over the heaving
billows.

The Start.

On Wednesday evening of the 17th
we left the pier at New York. I will
not attempt to describe the hurry and
commotion and the farewell of friends
and the waving of handkerchiefs and
all the human interests and emotions
incident to an occasion of this kind.

This, you
ever, power is never to be dominant
in those not accustomed to travel-
ling by sea—a thought not spoken,
nor even seen in every countenance.

And all the gaily and cheer and
bon voyage, there dawns the dread
of death over the minds of those who
go down in great ships to the sea. It
is a thought that comes instinctively
to those who leave, and to the friends
left behind.

Will the journey be safe? Will the
loved face return again are the secret
thoughts of those who bid and wave
farewell. This ominous sense of dread,
born of the sense of power, which pro-
duces the sense of loneliness, will al-
ways be associated with the sea.

Stepping Down New York Bay.

Slowly we were towed down the
bay, surrounded upon all sides by
scenes of unsurpassing magnificence.
The drafts of all nations, with thou-
sands of our own, were steaming in
every direction.

The receding distance toward the
monuments of human skill and irre-
pressible energy—the mighty city,
greatest among nations—combining
the genius of all the modern world.

As we passed the Goddess of Lib-
erty, I removed my hat out of respect
for what she was intended to repre-
sent, but I said: "Oh, Goddess! what
crimes have been, and are committed
in thy name! Would that thou truly
represented all that thou standest for—
the Liberty which is born of Justice,
of Freedom, of the Declaration of
Independence, I pity thee, oh God-
dess, that thy bronze cheeks must
blush at sight of American subjects,
who pass thee by. Still, I salute
thee for the good intent that is im-
aged in thee."

Slowly down the bay we drift, past
great liners, fruit laden from the Sun-
ny South; past returning, sloops and
smacks, weighted down with the flimsy
trike; past great sails from India's
spicy coast; past gay excursion parties,
returning from a well-spent day
among Nature's wilds; past ocean grey-
hounds burdened with human freight
both from art and from tropic climes
—then past the great forts—past
Sandy Hook, then out into the Great
Ocean.

The great ship turns her prow east-
ward, and all her mighty machinery
—the thrashing, pulsing,
straining—cleaves and fairly seem-
ing from

sight. The night is fast approaching.
Silently, each of us stand, straining
our eyes to catch the last sight of
that best land, of every land the
pride—the land of our birth and home.

Parting Thoughts.

What a world of thought surges
high in every breast! In mine, there
arose the thought of friends, kind
friends, young and old, scattered all
over a continent, in city and town,
by mountain and vale, and in far
prairie home—friends who had made
this voyage possible to me. And I
thought too of loved ones, in the far,
fair west, upon whom the evening sun
was still shedding his golden beams.

They say that absence makes the
heart grow fonder—that it makes it
full of memory—that it strengthens
the affections—that it teaches the
value of old family things—that it
reaches over the dark parting—far over
the moon-tinted billows, to friends
and to dear ones, who still keep our
image in some kind dream.

It is a strange feeling one experi-
ences, standing alone upon the deck
in the darkness of the night—the ship
cutting through the snowy banners of
the inky waves—the sky and stars a
million miles above you—ten thousand
feet of liquid brine below, and only a
plank between you and eternity; for
though mighty and powerful the ship
may seem—commanding our pride and
awe, it now with all its freight of
merchandise and human souls, but a
speck upon the face of immensity.
What a sense of littleness comes over
us in such an hour!

Ah! 'tis then that memory wears a
soft accusing brow. You will think
of the tender word left unsaid—the
many acts of kindness that went un-
heeded. Half reproachful, will arise
many things left undone, and unre-
warded; and too, you will realize
how much you love, how much you
are beloved. There is that feeling
comes over you, as of the first faint
whisperings of—Death, and you feel
his chill presence all around you.

We are now somewhere through the

light is flashing
at intervals. It comes from the great
electric reflector on the tower above
Sandy Hook, thirty miles away. It is
the light that guides the vessels of
all nations safely into the harbor.
Gradually it grows fainter and faint-
er, and finally is swallowed up by the
inky darkness, and I say to myself, "I
am glad that the last sight of my
country was the flash of light that
emanated from the brain of Infidel
genius."

And so, "My native Land, Good-
Night!"

August 19—Sunrise on the Sea.

I was early on deck to witness for
the first time the sunrise on the
ocean. One bright star was still shin-
ing down near the horizon and in-
distinctly I said:

"Thou lingering star with lessening
ray,
That early loves to greet the morn
Again thou interest in the day."

Soon the pink and crimson streaks
creep blushing up the whitening East,
and presently the great red sun in
her full round glory, seems to rest
upon the polished bosom of the sea.
High up he rises to the perfect day
shooting his piercing beams into old
Oceans darkest depths, and awaken-
ing the voracious monster from his
sluggish slumber.

To fully describe the emotions one
feels, the first time he looks upon or
rides upon the ocean is not an easy
thing to do. This great, restless,
heaving tempestuous sea—a link be-
tween nations, yet ever dividing them,
beggars description.

It impresses people differently.
Some gaze upon it the first time with
awe, some stand rapt in astonish-
ment, some are filled with a poet's en-
thusiasm, some are overcome, and
stand mute in the presence of such
exhibition of quantity and power.

Some see only a great monotonous,
wanton waste, some are entranced
with a faint visions and murmurs of
eternity, and some give a look, tumble
into a hammock, light a cigar and
bury themselves in a magazine or
novel.

Something more or less of all these
feelings have come to me, but I think
I can best describe the feeling most
dominant in my mind, by relating the
incident upon the ocean for the first time.

She was poor, had labored hard,
made many sacrifices and had exper-

(Continued on page two.)

BLADE NOT ISSUED LAST WEEK

The Blade was not issued last week
from a combination of circumstances
that is not likely often to happen—
the fact that matter for the paper was
not supplied to its press, and owing to
the absence of some of its principal
writers and the silence of others of its
principal writers.

Dr. Wilson was on the ocean, on his
way to Rome, to attend the Infidel
Congress there, I was in the Indian
Territory, twelve hundred miles away.
In the debate with Rev. Wilkinson,
and Mrs. Henry, it is supposed, was
away from home, and Mrs. Cloz, for
some reason unknown to me, is rare-
ly, if at all, writing for the Blade now.
Of course none of the persons, ex-
cepting myself, are under any obliga-
tion to write for the Blade at any
time and they have done all that they
have done as a pure gratuity for the
good of the great cause that we ad-
vocate, but they have done this so long
and so faithfully, and so ardently, and
with such applause and honor, and
love, from Blade readers, that we had
gotten to claim them as part and
parcel of the Blade and their silence
would make an immense hiatus in the
interest of the Blade.

Of course we all understand that
they never expected, or would ever
accept, any financial remuneration
for their services, even if such ser-
vice could be adequately requited by
any amount of mere pecuniary com-
pensation, and this paper would be in
no condition to even partially com-
pensate them, had they expected such
and all Blade readers understand that
no compensation, other than the
answer of a good conscience and their
own intellectual and literary enter-
tainment was ever expected by any
of them.

I only elaborate this point because
there are many, including myself, who
are not so clear-headed as to see that
the Blade is a pure gratuity for the

I am not able to explain why. There
has not been, so far as I know, or can
imagine, even the smallest unpleas-
antness between her and the Blade.
On the other hand, at the time Mrs.
Cloz ceased to write regularly for
the Blade her writings were, contin-
ually, being complimented more and
more.

I suppose her silence is accidental
and she will again write for us
as in the past.

Mrs. Henry may have been com-
paratively silenced by the injury that her
husband, Captain Henry, received or
she may have been resting through
the summer, or may be traveling.
The temporary silence of Dr. Wil-
son will doubtless, be even more than
compensated by the increased interest
of his letters about Europe and the
Rome Congress.

As for my experience with
our Infidel brethren in the far West
and with Rev. Wilkinson, in the de-
bate, has been such as very greatly
to increase, if that were possible, my
interest in the great work in which
we engaged.

This increase of interest in my own
case, has been effected by the fact
that the debate with Mr. Wilkinson
has enabled me more thoroughly to
assure our people of the perfect im-
peccability of our position, and also
by the greatly encouraging fact that
I found in the West that our Infidel
people, men and women, are people
of the highest standing morally and
intellectually.

And so, altogether, I believe that
readers of the Blade will be amply
repaid for the loss of one issue.

FOR SALE

Nice country grist mill. Food and
feed in fine farming country in Chip-
pewa County, 3 1/2 miles from city,
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scription of property, call on or write,
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Falls, Wis.

The National Liberal Party will
hold its next Congress at St. Louis
on October 22, 23 and 24th. Import-
ant matters will come up for discus-
sion.

DOCTOR WILSON DESCRIBES HIS SEA TRIP.

(Continued from first page.)

lenced many sorrows. I longed to look upon the sea. Finally the opportunity came. She gazed long and wonderingly. Her old face softened as touched with a holy peace and finally she exclaimed: "Thank God! here is one thing enough for every body."

And so I felt, as I gazed about with only water in sight all around me: "Thank God (or whatever that vague word means), here is one thing enough for every body."

The Sea is Free.

The governments of the earth portion out the land, leaving no spot unclaimed or uncontested for. They intrude and fight like wild beasts to gain unjust possession of that which is not their own. Those who fight and shed their blood do not even share in the rewards of victory. Only the few reap the benefits and glories of conquest. All over the world, the great mass of humiliated slaves, upon whom the government relies for defense and conquest, have not even standing room they may call their own; yet there is land in plenty for all—still it is so divided up that only a few enjoy it.

But man cannot divide the sea. Free unconfined and unclaimed, the waves of the interminable ocean breathe their crisp smiles. Free and unchequered, "No grime," white herds' low land o'er the bounding deep.

The great sea is free to all.

The Sea Typifies Humanity.

In many things the sea is typical of humanity. Its limitless expanse seems to breathe the sad undertone, the mournfulness, not only of ancient life, but also the heart sorrows of the world to-day. Its restless waves breathe the ever repeating disappointments, which are increasingly wearing out the lives of the toiling despairing masses. It has its great undercurrents of discontent, its Gulf streams of passion and monsoons of violence, and like the apparently peaceful nations of men, no matter how smooth and peaceful its surface, war universal reigns in its depths below. There too, the strong and powerful prey upon the weak and helpless, showing that in this respect, humanity has evolved far out of the savage instincts of our early ancestors.

Its Transforming Power.

But of all the wonders pertaining to the sea, the greatest perhaps is its transforming power.

Due to the fact of our evolution through the fish. Even the infant, when it is first permitted to paddle in water, seems to have discovered that he is in his native element. Boyhood has no greater delight than that of swimming. Men choose their habitations by lakes and streams, and those reared inland, have ever an inexpressible longing to seek the sea, or other large bodies of water.

And once looking upon, or living by the ocean, its vastness with feelings, habits and associations which heretofore have been strangers to us, but with which we quickly become familiar. If somehow seems to break up the sealed fountains of our nature and lifts the mind to thoughts, high and great as the jutting cliffs which beetle o'er its surge. It is said that when one becomes the adopted child of the ocean, his sympathies for the land can never diminish. All other realities of life become comparatively tame. It is ever bounding in dreams o'er the foaming billows—ever sighing for the tossing element, even as the caged eagle sighs for the roar and army light of his mountain cataract.

Ever dearer this associations become, reckless of the dangers they involve, for the most fearful and oppressive exhibitions of nature are associated with the ocean, which when it rouses itself in its chastest strength, shakes a thousand shores with its storm and thunder. Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest, and armaments made by the strength and courage of millions perish among its bubbles.

The Theater of War and Trade.

But notwithstanding the little pompous war of man playing, persistent, unconquered and unconquering humanity has ever made it the theater of power. Two centuries ago Sir Walter Raleigh said: "Whoever commands the sea commands the trade of the world, commands the riches of the world and consequently the life itself."

The great ocean liner or battleship is one of the highest triumphs of man's skill. At first he moved upon the water in a frail bark slowly urged by an oar. The sail, at length, arose and spread its wings to the wind. To-day, he constructs and propels vast engines of flame and vapor and through the darkness and solitude of the sea, as over the land, goes thundering on his liquid track.

The mastery of the trade of the world to-day is being contended for upon the sea, where too, thrones will be won and lost, as they have been won and lost in the past. On the faith of Actium was suspended the empire of the world. In the Gulf of Salamis the pride of Persia found a grave; and the crescent forever set in the waters of Navarino while at Trafalgar and the Nile and at Manila and Santiago, nations held their breath.

The Cradle and Grave of All. Strange that the sea which is the giver of human and all other life, should also be the scene of so much contention and death.

As I have stood looking down into its beautiful, blue depths, I thought not of the present and the living, but of the grave.

I felt myself tossing over buried land, that in far ages were blossoming paradises, and upon which forgotten men reared high their palaces and towers; over vast plains that once were dotted with great cities, teeming with palpitating ambitious humanity; over riches incalculable, sunken treasures, scintillating gems, burning gold, bright things never recked of—great argosies through whose wrecks the sea-gods growl and slay; men's coral and gold, over groves of coral and halls of amber where bleached the bones of high brave hearts, the bones of countless thousands who sailed to sea, and for these rest the light in the window, burned bright and long.

The sea gives and receiveth all life, is its cradle and also its grave. It kisses the dry, dead earth with its wet lips. It is the life of the life. The sea rushes bounding through every leaf and vein. Its mists run into rills and its rills run into great rivers which ever return to the sea the life that it giveth—the cradle of all—the grave of all.

Aug. 20—Mid Atlantic, 1,000 Miles Out. To-day, I have somewhat a different tale to tell. I am not quite so contemplative. The sea is somewhat lacking in majesty and beauty. No longer doth it delight me. Strange, vague feelings, as if from some far interval depths come, over me.

Until last evening the sea was beautiful calm. To-day the waves are dashing high and "the Almighty is glancing himself in the tempest," as Byron would say. Yes, it is "boundless, endless, heaving and sublime," and it has set nearly all on board heaving. I wish that it held a cord. Trusts are good things in their places. Excess is never pleasant. I am not sure I need to talk to you.

Later—Well, what was the fishes game. I had fish for breakfast. Here is well illustrated my statement that the sea takes every thing back to itself.

When I was a schoolboy I was given to indulging sublime thoughts, and would walk along repeating to myself some high-sounding quotation. The following phrase "Old Ocean's Grey and Melancholy Waste" sound particularly sublime and big to me. I would try to make out how "old ocean" could be "melancholy," as was of the opinion that it was "blue" Byron would say. I never fully understood it until a while ago when I observed the "grey and melancholy" expression of the passengers as they crowded the railing, and the waste was in such abundance that immediately, and for the first time in my life, I comprehended the full meaning of the rather strange expression.

But it is not good to dwell too long on a thought involving your stomach. I am not well. I can write no more. I feel that I shall never be able to compose another thought. There's a kind of inward "make way for liberty" feeling takes possession of me, which inclines me to cut loose from everything and everything. I do not even care for life. I am grey, I am melancholy. I am "wasting" away. I care for nothing. I would not move a step, however there are intervals when Time is precious, and—ugh! this is one of the times.

August 21st. No change of condition except that "old ocean" is taking on the colors of a speckled "grey" to bottle-green. The "melancholy" remaineth, and the "waste" continueth. I no longer believe in the poetry written about the ocean. Byron was just trying his best to be sublime when he wrote:

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!

I don't want it to roll. I wish it would stop. There's no poetry in rolling, a man all over the deck, and out of his bunk. The poetical ocean and the real ocean are different bodies of water after you are two days out.

Now there was Tenyson. He too wrote poetry about the ocean. Once upon a time he stood on top of a high English cliff and commanded the waves to break themselves on

the cold gray stones when they came up to the shore, just as if they wouldn't do that anyhow, whether he commanded them or not.

But there are some parts of that poem which peculiarly expresses my feelings just now, and with your patience I will quote it in full. I may not be able to give just as Tenyson wrote it, but it reads like this:

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
But don't be bumpin' the biscuits,
And the paddin' out o' me.

Oh, it's well for the fisherman's lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay,
But I feel well when I'm turning
Inside out all day.

And the state's ships may go
To their haven under the hill,
But only over, little care I,
If under my stomach were still.

Break, break, break!
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
But, Oh! for the soup that is vanishing
Forever and ever from me.

August 22nd. Last evening at midnight there was an electrical storm. The lightning zigzagged right out of the heart of a thunder cloud which hung over the Eastern horizon. It was just what I wanted to see. I wanted to see storm and thunder and lightning, that I might be inspired to paint a great work picture of the sky.

Wish I saw it in all its mightiness, beauty and fear. But it came at the wrong time for me to be inspired to paint worded sea scenes.

The indisposition from which I have suffered for the last two days has not abated in the least. A man can't enjoy lightning if he is scragging himself. He is not disposed to scribble the English together in bright weird colors. This morning the sea is running high. It is "deep and dark," and while it is so grandly rolling on, most of us are rolling off our chairs or our feet. If I sit, I am sicker than when walking about. If I walk, I too, just "roll on." No one need ever tell me again that Byron's "Apostrophe to the ocean" is either sublime or intellectual. Yesterday morning, a young Englishman, very cheery and drollish and with a broad brogue, observing the "grey and melancholy" aspect of my countenance, came up to me and said:

"Don't you see, my dear fellow, that you are a 'grey and melancholy' fellow?"

Two minutes later he said: "I am a 'grey and melancholy' fellow." It was along in the evening, and times it again, and declared it was "six whites slow." He timed again this morning and declared it "nine whites slow."

You will see by the above bulletin that my symptoms are steadily progressive in character. But I'm keeping up my courage. I have made the start for Rome and I want to go on, even if I have to "roll." But if that does come around this evening and declares that my pulse is any more "whiskies slow" I'll begin to wish that I was back to that dear old Kentucky.

August 23rd. Richard is himself again to-day. The sea is calm, the sun shines bright and warm, and my stomach has reconciled itself to steam-bath. I will not attempt to describe the many interesting and amusing incidents of my trip, as this letter has already grown to a weary length.

I attended divine service in the cabin at 10:30 a. m. Sunday, one of the officials conducting the same. We had hymns and prayers and reading from the Bible and the English liturgy. Especial prayer was offered up for "good King Edward and President Roosevelt, and all other rulers of men, that they 'may be rich in grace and overcome their enemies.'" I told some Englishmen after the service that if I knew of no one that needed it more than Ed and Ted, and if the Lord in any way blessed with this couple, I would be compelled to cut his company, and besides, I didn't see why they should pray to "overcome enemies," when they proposed to love them and forgive them and turn the other cheek, etc.

We have seven preachers and a Trappist Monk on board. With all this profusion of piety, I have been fearful of seeing McGinty to the bottom of the sea; for the recent master of the Slocum and others would indicate that the Lord is ready to slay clergy and that it is dangerous to go out to sea with them.

The name of the priest is Rev. Patrick McWalters, Mt. Melody Abbey, Cappoquin, Ireland, and a very intelligent, polite and genial companion. I found him to be a good linguist and of good general information. I did much to make his trip pleasant. The priest is a minister of the Roman Catholic Church and is asked to marry any one who is, by the State qualified to be married. I am a married man and have been for 23 years and I am not seeking any divorce. I believe that those marriages that are not agreeable to both parties

John Harie, a young gentleman from Galway who has been attending Notre Dame University, Indiana, and who is returning to Ireland on account of bronchial trouble, was a very delightful companion. His mind is a store-house of choice poetic gems, and his rich Irish brogue added to their beauty. I particularly regret that these two sea-sick friends, whom most probably I will never meet again.

To-morrow we will reach Queens-town and will drop our mail with the Baltic, which passes us bound for New York.

We will reach Liverpool Wednesday night. This great ship, plunging its way through the billows, pushing them by like playthings, speeding through them almost as fast as a railway train over its smooth steel track, ever commands my increasing awe and admiration.

As I have stood looking over the stern railing, down into the raging waters, I turned to a white foam by the mighty twin screws and have not of these 5,000 tons of steel and freight, and human life speed through the billows, as a bird waves the air—and as I thought of the canoe and sleep of the ages past, when the human mind was in the bondage of fear, I said: "Ah! here is thought unchained."

Here is liberty and freedom symbolized, as I have never felt it before. Here science sits enthroned. Here are invention, mathematics, application, persistence, concentrated genius—the phosphorescent glow of intellectual inspiration.

How puny it seems the profoundest work of the great intellect! How insignificant the biography and speeches of the greatest statesman. How trifling the victory of the great war!

How grandly, gloriously, gracefully sped through the calm and storm and tempest and raging foam, never ceasing her motion for one moment—"speeding" as Ingersoll says, "for 3,000 miles without ever missing a beat of her mighty twin heart."

Here she softens down the austerity and hate of nations by linking them hand in hand, by making them acquainted with each other.

Ah! here is human achievement, spring from toil and crime, here is utility, comfort, happiness and intellectual interchange, here is practical progress, ever pushing on to newer futures; here is thought on the march, leaving far behind it, in its wake, the froth and foam of fable and dream, while startling the monsters of superstition that sluggishly slumber in the darknesses of the past. "J. W. W."


MRS. WILSON'S LETTER AND THE EDITOR'S COMMENT

Mrs. Alma K. Wilson in her letter in the Blue Grass Blade says among other things: "Do you know that I verily believe that you lose, or ought to lose, the respect of subscribers by the mere publishing thoughts along that line as embodied in such a letter as the 'Eccelesiastical Boycotters.' The author of that letter says some very witty things, so I suppose, could Aaron Burr say Benedict Arnold, but there is no reason so contemptible, so sad in its results, as the treason against the home, which is shown in the thinly veiled but really coarse view that this man takes of his fellow world 'not so good as it used to be' as some think, it is because our ancestors would have blushed to make use of the coarse language which pictures coarse thought in the minds of men who should protect the morals and children of this age from contamination by word or act."

Now for the Moore comment: "I have no idea what that fellow said about marriage or who or when to do it—just that I'll be right on your being right about it." Mrs. Wilson in her diatribe is "next to" an article of mine published several weeks ago. I referred to the ministers of Hagerstown, Md., joining in a boycott of divorced people in the local living business. I considered it a good and fit subject for Free-thought comment. I paid my respects to the Rev. Gen's as best I could. I was not writing to please Christians of either male or female, but I have to cut a regard for our Free-thought ladies and gentlemen to use any coarse language or to suggest any immoral tendencies on the part of anyone.

As editor of this paper, I think you are indulging in journalistic license in the fibbing line when you say that you did not read the article. I am satisfied that you are too shrewd to allow anything of an immoral tenor to slip the editorial quarantine. Mrs. Wilson has certainly misconstrued some expression of mine for I certainly never entertained any departure from our marriage system, except that I am opposed to a refusal of a minister to his sworn duty when he is asked to marry any one who is, by the State qualified to be married.

I am a married man and have been for 23 years and I am not seeking any divorce. I believe that those marriages that are not agreeable to both parties



WINCHESTER

FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS.

It's not sentiment—that makes the most successful shots shoot Winchester Factory Loaded Shells. It's the results they give. It's their entire reliability, evenness of pattern and uniform shooting. Winchester "Leader" shells, loaded with smokeless powder, are the best shells on the market. Winchester "Repeater" shells loaded with smokeless powder are cheap in price but not in quality. Winchester "New Rival" black powder shells are the favorite black powder load on the market on account of their shooting and reloading qualities. Try either of these brands and you'll be well pleased. They are THE SHELLS THE CHAMPIONS SHOOT.

should be dissolved in as quick time as possible. I do not see any immorality in this. Mrs. Wilson may take an honest and opposite view of this matter. It is her right. It is mine to maintain my own. I will be plain. A marriage is not having in harmony are apt to find a trifle of pleasure in the company of friends of the opposite sex, and this sympathy is likely to lead to worse conditions and as in several instances that I know of, they would see right as to the true purpose of the oil that is thrown over the bow in case of storm. The oil is used to prevent the heavy seas from breaking in a chopped up sea which is liable to part at the top and thus engulf the whole vessel and send it to the bottom. It does not calm the sea as some might suppose and use as an argument for Jesus in his supposed miraculous calming of the tempest, but it simply keeps the water together as above stated.

Enclosed find clipping from New York Journal which you can print if you desire with comments. I suppose they will be trying to get this man to Rome as another evidence of their religion. Like the sea, the sea in Philadelphia, the fake abroad to turn which they tried to palm off on their dupes, and the marble steps in Rome that you would not go up on, I think they would be another feather in their caps.

Hoping you can't print Dog Fennel fast enough to satisfy the demand I remain yours truly with the interest of getting some subscribers for it if possible.

J. W. HUDLOW.

must say that I enjoyed it more than anything I have ever read and I cannot see how "any fairminded man or woman can consistently say that they still believe in the Christian religion. I would like to say here for the benefit of yourself and readers of the book that you are a little twisted on the oil business as a method of calming the sea. I have traveled on the ocean several years and have experienced one ship wreck in my times and I would set you right as to the true purpose of the oil that is thrown over the bow in case of storm. The oil is used to prevent the heavy seas from breaking in a chopped up sea which is liable to part at the top and thus engulf the whole vessel and send it to the bottom. It does not calm the sea as some might suppose and use as an argument for Jesus in his supposed miraculous calming of the tempest, but it simply keeps the water together as above stated.

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J. W. HUDLOW.

I trust that Mrs. Wilson will accord me the same right to my views as she has accorded to mine and will have assurance that she will have our editorial approval as readily as she obtained it before. I am not a flatterer of women and am not a ladies' man, but I do not want any honest woman's disapproval. All I ask of her is to read that article, and I trust the editor will look it up and focus his bifocals upon it and see if there is any lurking immorality smuggled into the Blade through it. I am not in opposition and always court controversy but I never stop to using anything like vulgarity. Sexual matters are naturally mixed up in theological discussion. We must discuss them not for vulgarity, but for enlightenment. If no one ever disturbs the purity of the ladies' minds more than I, they will not suffer from salacity. The questions in the Blade are most too advanced for children, but will never have a thousandth part of the harm that a perusal of the Bible will. I still think that Mrs. Wilson is hasty. I write for the advancement of Free-thought, and I would be the last one to try to be sarcastic that woman. I am sorry that this matter had to be referred to as such questions are likely to make strained relations between old friends. I appreciate Mr. Moore's upholding of his friend's wife and therefore overlook his whimsical misstatement of her Christian view of Atheistic views.

I once read Chas. Read's "Put Yourself in His Place," and I have always since tried to apply that doctrine to my opponents. If the others will do the same I am sure they will soften their expressions and not try to injure a man's reputation in a public place. My motive was pure from GAL TEN-BLADE. . . . my standpoint and I have no word to eliminate from that article. I am satisfied that Dr. Wilson will find no fault with it. My wife is also a Christian and I am often amused at the queer ideas she advances in favor of religion. She, however, does not attend church any more regularly than I do, which is not at all. We have both forgotten how the inside of a church looks and I believe neither of us care. "With malice towards none and charity for all" I ascribe myself proudly.

JOHN F. CLARKE.
Arlington, Md.

HE READ DOG FENNEL

Washington, D. C., Aug. 17, 1904.

Brother Moore: Dear Sir—I have just finished reading Dog Fennel in the Orient and

As we are the Originators of Free Reclining Chair Service Between Louisville and St. Louis, Don't you think it would pay you, in traveling, to "Get the Henderson Route Habit"—it will.

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PREACHER ZACHARY

OF LEXINGTON, IS ACCUSED OF MISCONDUCT BY CHRISTIANS

I do not think that "Elder" James W. Zachary, of Lexington is a man of sufficient importance to be considered in the great conflict between infidelity and Christianity but to the extent of his ability, he has been a bitter enemy to me and has often forsaken his legitimate preaching of the Gospel to say very abusive things about infidels, and has been engaged in different business matters in Kentucky, which to say the least of them, were of doubtful propriety.

In my recent debate with Rev. Wilkinson, a book written by Rev. Wilkinson, entitled "Moore and Ingersoll Unmasked" was used, though, in justice to Mr. Wilkinson, I must say but little, he not seeming to have much regard for the book after he met me personally; but, as the book is being used to damage me, it is legitimate to show the estimate in which Zachary is held, by Christian people, in his own state.

When I returned to my home, from the Indian Territory, I found in my mail, a printed circular and heading that was as follows:

SOME STATEMENTS
Concerning Ed. J. W. Zachary's Conduct During His Recent Stay in Bandana.

Bandana, Ky., Aug. 25, 1904.
I have for some weeks been employed by Mrs. Tom Zachary, as housekeeper. During the debate and the meeting following Elder Zachary made that place his home. One day he came up behind me and placed his hands upon me in a very improper way, and Mrs. Penn told me he wanted him to behave himself. Next day he started toward me with extended arms and I told him I would break the broom over his head if he did not stop, and he stopped. I told my cousin, Mr. Oscar Page, about Mr. Zachary's conduct and asked him for advice. I also told Mrs. Maud Slaughter. After this rumor was made public, on Sunday evening, some Campbellite women gathered in at Mrs. Penn's and talking the matter over scared me, and also said the Methodist scattered that rumor thinking I was a Campbellite. Next morning Mrs. Penn wrote up three papers and told me it was my duty to sign them, but she wanted me to sign them, but my wife scared me and made me believe that unless I signed those papers I was disgraced—ruined. The papers stated that Mr. Zachary had told me that I had never told such a thing to anyone. I signed the papers scarcely knowing what was in them, never having read one, but only hearing Mrs. Penn read one.

IDA HAYNES.
Subscribed and sworn to before me by Miss Ida Haynes, this August 25, 1904.

ED REESOR, Notary Public.
My commission expires August 8, 1906.

I do hereby certify that my cousin Ida Haynes, did tell me about Mr. Zachary's misconduct toward her and that I advised her what to do in case he made a second attempt to molest her.

O. T. PAGE.
Subscribed and sworn to before me by O. T. Page, this August 25, 1904.

ED REESOR, Notary Public.
My commission expires August 8, 1906.

I do hereby certify that Miss Ida Haynes told me of Mr. Zachary's mistreatment of her a day or two before he left Bandana.

MRS. MAUD SLAUGHTER.
Subscribed and sworn to before me by Mrs. Maud Slaughter, this August 25, 1904.

ED REESOR, Notary Public.
My commission expires August 8, 1906.

On the back of the envelope containing this circular was the return address "T. B. Ogden, Jr., Bandana, Ky."

On the margin of the circular was written the following:

"I thought, may be, you had a hankering to get hold of something like this. But remember this circular was gotten out by citizens and Christians of the town, who are loud in denunciation of J. W. Zachary. Comment and give it to him like he ought to have it."

While I think the Blade has previously printed enough to show that Zachary is far from being a good and exemplary man, I must, in sheer justice to him, say that I do not believe that the above circular is any fair arraignment of him.

Ida Haynes, the chief or only witness in the case, states under oath that she has made two decidedly conflicting statements about Zachary's conduct to her, and, in my judgement, the whole trend of her statements is not creditable to her.

It would be improper in any true woman to say to a man making improper advances to her, that she would break a broom over his head. The fact that she speaks of Zachary as a Campbellite indicates that she is not of that church, and while, of course, what she says, fairly, about Zachary may be true, the whole thing sounds like an instance of the hate of one Christian sect for another, one of the woman Ida Haynes probably being a Methodist, whose natural hatred of any other Christian sect has been aggravated by a recent religious discussion that has occurred between Methodist preachers.

So far as infidelity is concerned it is all nuts to us, as it sustains our contentions that Christianity is largely, or principally kept up by the hatred of each other among the sects, the interest of the preachers, perhaps, to encourage this hatred.

To infidelity it makes no difference which is right, if either, whether Zachary or his enemies. In this case, the hatred of Christians for each other is plainly shown, and in that sense, this circular is valuable to infidels.

I will print any communication that Zachary may write me.

FROM AN OKLAHOMA BROTHER.

Sweetwater, Okla., Aug. 24, 304.
Dear Old Spain:

I'm going to spin you a windy yarn for your barrel.

This ought to contain some money, but it doesn't, just because it can't, but crops are fine and prospects are good for a few dollars this fall, and some must come your way.

For a long time I've wanted to write to you, ever since that Socialistic squabble, and after you said what you did on Potter's booze joint, I just couldn't keep still, so here it comes. I think you've treated the respondents of different faiths, and now that they have begun to persecute the Blade that treated them all alike, you've done right in kicking out the whole caboodle. You had a right to comment on a fellow's political views if you gave him space to air them before the world and the man who would cancel his subscription because you did, ought to join church, he's no business hearing with Liberals. A man who can't accord to others every right he asks for himself is not worth darning if brimstone were delivered f. o. b. hell.

On the combined questions of morality and temperance with you, Spencer, your piece, and if I think I can't stand you, stand alone.

Infidelity took the lead in the anti-slavery agitation, for women's rights, for free speech, and free education, and let it take the lead in temperance and morality.

Potter said: "I belong to a dozen clubs." His wife ought to keep a good library club behind the door for his benefit to make up the unlucky thirteen. He said further: "But what of the man who would live with two sons and five small children? He has no club. He naturally has to go to a saloon." Let me ask, what's the matter with the man's home? I know of many homes in this country of only one room and five children, but the head of the aforesaid home don't require a saloon to "blow in" the spare change family needs. What's the matter with a man acquiring the habit of saving a few papers, spending his best money for a few books, and sitting down with his family instead of gadding the streets or loafing around a club? I've lived in town, and in the country, and a man who can enjoy himself at home is no better off than a sample for children to grow up after than a Christian Bishop who finds more to interest him in a downtown club than in his family. The Bible says: "Spend that money for whatever thy soul lusteth after, for wine or strong drink." (Deut. 14:26.) And no preacher will contract to show me where it says: "Spend that money for whatever thou and thy family needest; for food and raiment, for books and education." Potter, in starting a saloon, is only making it possible to obey the Scripture; for if no one sells strong drink how could a man be expected to spend his money for it? I've known men to go to town with a bale of cotton that his wife and little children helped raise and pick, the fellow had in his pocket a slip of paper containing a memorandum of shoes, stockings and cloth to make the family clothes and he sold the cotton, went to a saloon and sat down at a card-table with professional gamblers and lost every cent of his wife and children's money; then, when he drove home the next day, with the little barefoot babies running out to see the new shoes on their mother, with her old faded, torn calico dress, came out with a smile on her careworn face to meet him, the wretch told them he had been robbed! Yes, robbed!

I thank thee, Christianity, that in thy sacred volume I can find cues words that I can say, God damn such a man, and such a system, including

Bishop Potter, who, with the money stolen from women and children, joins a dozen clubs and prays at the opening of a saloon.

I wish to say a word or two about the Indian Territory debate. I met Wilkinson twice in debate, once at Comanche and once at Woolsey. We all call him Grant because we all like him and respect him, and he is not a philosopher or a learned man, but he is, I think, about the average Campbellite preacher when it comes to defending his cause. I have found him honest and fair, not stooping to nasty, dishonorable methods. When it comes to fair open battle, he is superior to Chalm, the gun the Campbellites usually pull on infidels, and as strong as A. W. Young of Sunset, Texas. He is too fair for his brethren. If he would stoop to dirty work, he could make big money among them. When he and I met at Woolsey the last day of the debate, the infidels and Christians had dinner on the ground and it was an affair to be remembered. Grant and I sat side by side on the same wagon seat and ate chicken, cake and pie till we were as full as Peter was of the Holy Ghost on Pentecost. The only time I seemed to get his feet rattled was when I got after Braden's little "yellow" pamphlet that tells about Moore beating a man out of a bunch of hogs. I didn't know a darned thing about the deal, but when I heard that Braden is a liar and that Jesus Christ does a man for more hogs, just to accommodate a few thousand devils, than you had even seen in one drove. When I got through commenting on the hog question and people got to laughing, Grant was willing to let the pork side of the question drop.

If your experience is like mine, and I've "been there" four times, you'll remember the I. T. with pleasure in years. I think you've treated the respondents of different faiths, and now that they have begun to persecute the Blade that treated them all alike, you've done right in kicking out the whole caboodle. You had a right to comment on a fellow's political views if you gave him space to air them before the world and the man who would cancel his subscription because you did, ought to join church, he's no business hearing with Liberals. A man who can't accord to others every right he asks for himself is not worth darning if brimstone were delivered f. o. b. hell.

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I wish to say a word or two about the Indian Territory debate. I met Wilkinson twice in debate, once at Comanche and once at Woolsey. We all call him Grant because we all like him and respect him, and he is not a philosopher or a learned man, but he is, I think, about the average Campbellite preacher when it comes to defending his cause. I have found him honest and fair, not stooping to nasty, dishonorable methods. When it comes to fair open battle, he is superior to Chalm, the gun the Campbellites usually pull on infidels, and as strong as A. W. Young of Sunset, Texas. He is too fair for his brethren. If he would stoop to dirty work, he could make big money among them. When he and I met at Woolsey the last day of the debate, the infidels and Christians had dinner on the ground and it was an affair to be remembered. Grant and I sat side by side on the same wagon seat and ate chicken, cake and pie till we were as full as Peter was of the Holy Ghost on Pentecost. The only time I seemed to get his feet rattled was when I got after Braden's little "yellow" pamphlet that tells about Moore beating a man out of a bunch of hogs. I didn't know a darned thing about the deal, but when I heard that Braden is a liar and that Jesus Christ does a man for more hogs, just to accommodate a few thousand devils, than you had even seen in one drove. When I got through commenting on the hog question and people got to laughing, Grant was willing to let the pork side of the question drop.

If your experience is like mine, and I've "been there" four times, you'll remember the I. T. with pleasure in years. I think you've treated the respondents of different faiths, and now that they have begun to persecute the Blade that treated them all alike, you've done right in kicking out the whole caboodle. You had a right to comment on a fellow's political views if you gave him space to air them before the world and the man who would cancel his subscription because you did, ought to join church, he's no business hearing with Liberals. A man who can't accord to others every right he asks for himself is not worth darning if brimstone were delivered f. o. b. hell.

On the combined questions of morality and temperance with you, Spencer, your piece, and if I think I can't stand you, stand alone.

Infidelity took the lead in the anti-slavery agitation, for women's rights, for free speech, and free education, and let it take the lead in temperance and morality.

Potter said: "I belong to a dozen clubs." His wife ought to keep a good library club behind the door for his benefit to make up the unlucky thirteen. He said further: "But what of the man who would live with two sons and five small children? He has no club. He naturally has to go to a saloon." Let me ask, what's the matter with the man's home? I know of many homes in this country of only one room and five children, but the head of the aforesaid home don't require a saloon to "blow in" the spare change family needs. What's the matter with a man acquiring the habit of saving a few papers, spending his best money for a few books, and sitting down with his family instead of gadding the streets or loafing around a club? I've lived in town, and in the country, and a man who can enjoy himself at home is no better off than a sample for children to grow up after than a Christian Bishop who finds more to interest him in a downtown club than in his family. The Bible says: "Spend that money for whatever thy soul lusteth after, for wine or strong drink." (Deut. 14:26.) And no preacher will contract to show me where it says: "Spend that money for whatever thou and thy family needest; for food and raiment, for books and education." Potter, in starting a saloon, is only making it possible to obey the Scripture; for if no one sells strong drink how could a man be expected to spend his money for it? I've known men to go to town with a bale of cotton that his wife and little children helped raise and pick, the fellow had in his pocket a slip of paper containing a memorandum of shoes, stockings and cloth to make the family clothes and he sold the cotton, went to a saloon and sat down at a card-table with professional gamblers and lost every cent of his wife and children's money; then, when he drove home the next day, with the little barefoot babies running out to see the new shoes on their mother, with her old faded, torn calico dress, came out with a smile on her careworn face to meet him, the wretch told them he had been robbed! Yes, robbed!

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A COMPARISON BETWEEN INFIDELS AND CHRISTIANS

To the Blue Grass Blade:
Last Sunday the Cincinnati Times published an item as follows:
AGAINST INFIDELS.

Rev. W. McKrahan, president of the Norfolk Mission college, preaching in the First United Presbyterian church Sunday, said that neither property nor person would be secure if everybody would become an infidel. Such a statement should be classed as a criminal lying, not only untrue, but atrociously false, as all criminal statistics testify.

The last U. S. report of prisoners gives nearly 60,000 in prison, but reports three that are not counted with any church. The other reports suggest that they are not infidels, but indifferent Christian believers.

"Dr. Prows' Review" some years ago published the statistics of the prisons of France as follows: Catholics 57,472; Protestants 556; Jews 50 Mohammedans 22; Atheists 0.

It is well known that Atheists form the second largest class of the population of France, next to the Catholics.

One Atheological Society has 20,000 members. Doubtless there are 500 to 1,000 Atheists in France to one Protestant. Why, then if that number of the inhabitants of China, as Rev. McKrahan had the cheek to assert, are they represented in the prison records by an 0.

There are more crimes committed in the state of New York by five or six million Christians than by the 400,000 of the inhabitants of China.

The Chinese are not religious, but followers of Confucius, who taught morals all nothing about a future existence before the Christian Era.

Herbert Spencer lately said: "It needs but to glance over the world and contemplate the doings of Christians everywhere to be amazed at the ineffectiveness of current theology."

Knapp, the stranger and first-class liar, that had such an airing this week is a good sample of a criminal. He "died in the wood" Christian has no doubt about going right to glory and wearing a starry crown. He urges his relatives to meet him "up there" but he takes the same route he has taken.

The writer has associated with Atheists in this and other cities for over sixty years and never heard of one being charged of a crime. I challenge the Rev. gentleman to show a charge against the most moral people in all Christian communities.

The intensity of Christians are graded, and statistics show that the most moral are those that are most strict in their religion, are the most criminal.

The Protestant is a half infidel and is therefore not nearly so criminal as the Catholic, the more intense Christian as the following Catholic record shows:

Father Nugent was Chaplain of the Liverpool, Eng. prison back in the fifties, and also an editor of the Catholic "Times" and knew who were filling their prisons.

Father Nugent was evidently very honest, for he arraigned his people thusly in the Times—"Our people are committing too many crimes, 150,000 Catholics are committing a good deal more crimes than the other 90,000 people (Protestants, Jews, and Infidels).

Thus we have the reliable evidence that the intense Christian Catholic is committing five times as many crimes as his more liberal neighbors.

R. D. MOORE.
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Lewisport, Ky.—Your reply received. Allow me to thank you for your proffered kindness. I also got a letter from President Patterson. I will probably go out and take a look at Quantico, and shake hands with the woman who said "Under the circumstances I am proud to be a convict's wife."—H. G. SMITH.

Subscribe now for five copies of the Blade and send to your friends and let them read the Moore-Wilkinson debate and Dr. Wilson's letters from Rome. Alone they will be worth more than the price asked.

I WILL SPEAK.

At the St. Louis Infidel Congress, on "The Status of Infidelity."

I have received the following note: Muncie, Ind., Aug. 23, 204.

Friend Moore:
I am one of a committee of three to arrange a program for the St. Louis convention, and I would like to know if you would promise to deliver an address on that occasion, and if so what would be your subject.

Yours always,
T. J. BOWLES.

P. S.—The committee has had no conference yet.

In answer to the above, I will say that I accept this kind invitation to speak to the St. Louis Convention and that my subject will be "The Status of Infidelity."

Fertile Valley of the Mississippi. While it is true Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas invite the Home-seeker and others in search of a profitable investment and business competency, there is another field along the Frisco system quite recently opened to those interested in a personal betterment of financial resources.

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The present service consists of passenger train leaving Union Station 7:10 a. m. daily, for Cape Girardeau, Luxora, Carthageville and Intern. date points to Memphis, also the Cape Girardeau accommodation, leaving Union Station 4:20 p. m. daily.

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Ar. Jackson 11:39 a. m. 6:15 p. m.
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THE DEBATE.

(Continued from first page)

I then Mr. Campbell and the other parties that I have mentioned, though disagreeing with the dominating and brow-beating and bulldozing spirit in which all of them, except Owen, the Infidel, conducted their respective parts of the debate, and will the silly and unsatisfactory arguments, real or so-called, that were set up by all of them, including Owen the Infidel.

Mr. Campbell claimed, and I think did so once to me in personal conversation, that Purcell the Catholic, was the fairest debater he ever met, and that Rice, the Presbyterian, was the most unscrupulous one, and this is my recollection of them from having read them in my young manhood.

But it was then, as now, regarded by all Protestant preachers as a good stroke of policy to defer to a Catholic as against any other Protestant, and it is not at all my recollection that Purcell was at all conversant of the feelings of Campbell and myself. I never heard that he reciprocated Campbell's compliment of him.

Owen, on the other hand, I think was kind and gentlemanly and considerate and fair, but his arguments, real or so-called were the same glittering generalities, without practical and forceful application that characterized all of Mr. Campbell's preaching and class-room lecturing, for the years that I heard him as a student under him.

Under these circumstances, I determined that if I ever got into any oral debate with any preacher, that I would, whatever other deficiencies I might display, be guiltless of any unkindness or personality and these I so successfully avoided in the debate with Wilkinson that he complimented me almost to fulsome on that score, saying that I was showing myself, in debate, far more admirable than he had thought he was warranted in expecting.

He went so far as to say, incidentally, if not in plain words, that I was a greater man than Ingersoll, until simple ordinary modesty, for the possession of which I have not always been given any great credit, made me interrupt his speech to call him down by pronouncing his encomium upon me as being evidently propitiously as Ingersoll's reputation, even apart from his anti-theological utterances, was that of the greatest American orator, in the estimation of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who thus introduced Ingersoll at one of the latter's lectures in Boston. I am sure that I have no reputation at all, among infidel propagandists or among any others.

To be candid, while Wilkinson and I exchanged compliments on the rostrum of the United States Court room, in which we related, and it was and still is, my duty as a gentleman and fair man to give him the benefit of all doubt it would be wrong at the time, and does so now on mature consideration that Wilkinson's "them" was to magnify my importance in order to appreciate himself by the relation he was sustaining to me. I being as he repeatedly said, a man whom the individuals had imported from a distance of 12,000 miles to see him the product of the wild Western prairies, entirely self-made, except that he had had access to the books of the "West" and the "East" that were then imported in its infancy, but all the circumstances, as they are recalled, by those who remember the preliminary correspondence indicate that I was not with the very bombastic flourish of "them" that I was heretofore with my friends and that the whole matter was really as much social as professional on the part of my friends and myself. I had then, under these circumstances, I had done nothing more than to show myself a courteous and fair and kind gentleman, as Mr. W. and all other Christians and Infidel, men, women, adults and children, have readily admitted and in return of kindness and respect and civility for me instead of the ruffian that he said he had expected to see me, judging as he said from my utterances in my paper, I believe I was a "good account" of all of good friends, and cause abundantly to compensate for the expense my friends and I have borne to go to the far off home.

But, to not "speak that which is not my own," and that I accomplished by my discussion with Mr. W. Wilkinson is a big, the "free" mail looking "ser," without any of the ordinary presocial pretension to sanctity. On the evening of our 3rd meeting he introduced me to a younger, pretty and lady like wife, who through the whole time of the discussion was very affable to me, and on the last night of our meeting came on the rostrum and bade me a kind goodbye, and I was, and still am,

perfectly sincere when I said to Mr. Wilkinson and his wife that I would be glad to see them at my own home in Kentucky.

This, many of my readers will recognize, is quite a change from my ordinary estimate of preachers as expressed in the Blade, and is more than I would say to any priest or preacher now living in Lexington.

If I had to be beaten in religious argument it is probable that I would elect to have the job done by a man of more prominence than Wilkinson, and for him I possibly have some more than ordinary sympathy from the fact that he represents the church to which I formerly belonged and there would, therefore, be some modicum of glory coming to me from that fact. But apart from the fact that he is not a man of great distinction—not even so much so in his department as I am in mine—I have never met any man from whom I would have to receive my Waterloo of defeat, if that had to be done, than Wilkinson.

Necessarily without any large educational advantages he, nevertheless, has pat, all the argument for his religion that I ever read from Paley's Evidence or Butler's Analogy, or Alexander Campbell, or John W. McGarvey is, has for years resisted all my efforts, by blandishment or denunciation, to induce him to meet me in religious argument.

This has always seemed to me as specially strange in view of the fact that on one occasion, McGarvey—Campbellite preacher, educated in the same college that I was, he being now the best posted preacher in Kentucky and having added to the ordinary religious curriculum, a visit to Jerusalem and the "Holy Land"—on one occasion, in Lexington, walked into the pulpit of the Broadway Christian church, having in his hand a copy of the Blue Grass Blade, from which he preached to an audience of 2,000 "men only," and, in the course of his remarks said "Charley Moore has said some hard things, but I never caught him in a lie."

That was when my influence was scarcely a title of what it is now, and that influence seems to be continually on the increase under such circumstances that it can hardly be possible that McGarvey, a natural debater, would not be so far from my presence while I am influencing thousands of people where he influences hundreds, on the supposition that he knows that there is absolutely no argument for the truth of the Christian religion, or of any of the various other religions, but that they have to be received on faith, as Wilkinson said; faith being but another name for credulity, a disposition among superstitious people, to believe stories which assert the supernatural, without sufficient evidence.

Wilkinson did not seem to me to be a man who was dispassionately trying to find the truth, but a man whose purpose was to beat down his opponent, in the estimation of those who heard, regardless of the real argument in the case.

He said it was his duty to meet any objection that was found to the Bible with the best argument that he could make.

He is also a lawyer and in defense of a client it may be his duty to suppose being that he is in the defense of the Bible that I admitted I had misapplied as Jeremiah 25:27 and Romans 3:7. In the first of these God is plainly represented as directing the prophet Jeremiah to tell the people to stop in maintaining the duty of the Bible that I admitted I had misapplied as Jeremiah 25:27 and Romans 3:7. In the first of these God is plainly represented as directing the prophet Jeremiah to tell the people to stop in maintaining the duty of the Bible that I admitted I had misapplied as Jeremiah 25:27 and Romans 3:7.

But I contended, as I still do that in the discussion in which we were engaged the duty of each of us was to try to gain the truth and that we ought to make admissions and concessions when we saw the argument was against us, and in several instances I gladly conceded that my position was not well sustained even by dogmatic tenacity I would not have had to do so, but could have maintained my view even better than he defended untenable positions that he assumed. Two instances of question of the Bible that I admitted I had misapplied as Jeremiah 25:27 and Romans 3:7. In the first of these God is plainly represented as directing the prophet Jeremiah to tell the people to stop in maintaining the duty of the Bible that I admitted I had misapplied as Jeremiah 25:27 and Romans 3:7.

He defended his position with apparent fairness and plausibility, and I conceded that he was right and that I was wrong. But in claiming the right to say that a plain statement was a metaphor he, of course, must concede to me the right to use meta-

phor to explain parts of the Bible when that plan suited me, and so I would only have to say, as indeed many Christians do, that the whole story of hell, as given in the New Testament is a metaphor, and does not, at all, mean what it says, and if the story of hell is a metaphor of course the story of heaven, as given in the New Testament might also be a metaphor, and the conclusion is that Jesus did not mean to teach that there really was any such place as heaven, but that, speaking in a parable, as was his habit, he only meant to say that people would be happy by doing good, a most prominent contention that is made by infidel writers including myself, in my Infidel paper.

Of course in the same way the whole story of the crucifixion of Jesus and his alleged resurrection from the dead, could thus be made a beautiful and consistent and poetic allegory, all thoroughly in harmony with the Oriental style of teaching morals as was done by Esop in his famous "Fables" and by Jesus in his parables, and all of this was the natural and necessary logical sequel from the demand of Mr. Wilkinson that he should be allowed to explain away, as being mere metaphors, teachings of the Bible that he admitted when literally construed, to be thoroughly immoral.

The passage in Romans 3:7 seems to express the opinion of Paul that it is right to lie for the glory of God and this seems to be in harmony with teachings in the Old Testament where God is represented as saying that he will put a lying spirit into the mouths of certain prophets.

The method used in Romans 3:7 is called the acoustic method from a plan of argument used by Socrates in which he asserted nothing, but only questions, and these questions were so arranged that if an opponent of Socrates could not answer them, Socrates gained by his opponent's inability to do so, while if his opponent could answer them Socrates lost nothing, and the plan was strikingly like the scheme of argument which says "Heads I win; tails you lose."

Paul had been in Athens where Socrates had lived and was familiar with this one-sided method of the famous Grecian philosopher, and seems to have used it.

But at the same time it is true that the context in which this passage occurs has the same muddled and indefinite peculiarity that Peter attributed to the writ of *habeas corpus*. It said of the "some things hard to be understood." Mr. Wilkinson made an exegesis of this passage about lying for the glory of God that was creditable to him, and I just admitted, because I wanted to be fair and even generous that he was right and I was wrong in my understanding of them.

On another occasion when we were discussing the "burning bush" from which a voice came to Moses, Mr. W. and I conflicted in our statements and he seemed to accept my view of it which opposed his argument, but while he was speaking, I found out that I was mistaken and I interrupted him in his speech to explain to him that I was mistaken and that he was right about it, and I tried, most conscientiously, to act in this way through all of the discussion.

But when it came to Mr. W.'s time to reciprocate my fairness, he would not at all do it, but claimed as he plainly said, that it was his duty to make the best argument for his side that could be made, his purpose seeming to be to argue for victory rather than for the purpose of eliciting truth.

He simply assumed that the Bible was true, while the proposition that "The Bible contains fundamental errors" was one of the two questions in debate, and then his whole argument was to sustain that presumption, when, evidently, under the circumstances, his plain duty was to take his Bible just as he would any other book, including various other Bibles of different religions and from the evidence regarding them, internal and external, determine whether or not the Bible of his particular religion was the true and only true one.

I will give some examples of the way in which Mr. W. not only declined to be as generous with me as I was with him, but in which he persisted in maintaining his position, by untenable on any principle of logic or exegesis that would apply in any literary criticism other than that of the Bible, though it is true that in so doing, he took the position of the strongest defender of his faith. In arguing the genuineness of the Pentateuch—the first five books of the Bible—I took the position that they were not written by Moses not only because they all speak of Moses in the third person, but that one of them gives an account of the death of Moses and says that Moses was buried on Mount Nebo and that no man knows the place of his burial until this day, the words "until this day" indicating that the man who wrote that must have written it a considerable time after the death and burial of Moses, and the inference being that whereas the Jews would naturally want to know the exact spot where the grave of Moses was and had long tried to find that spot they had never been able to do it up to the considerable time after the death and burial of Moses at which that writer, in Pentateuch, wrote. And that Moses could not have written the Pentateuch because it gave an account of the death and burial of Moses, when Moses could not have written the account of his own death and burial, was the evidently sensible position taken by Bishop Colenso, of the church of England, and yet Colenso was allowed to retain his position as a Bishop in that church, in a government where church and state are combined, and it was from many inconsistencies like this, in the Pentateuch, that were urged by Bishop Colenso, that Ingersoll, in my opinion, got the facts from which he produced his famous "Mistakes of Moses."

I made this point in order to show that this most important part of the Jewish Bible upon which Wilkinson principally founded his argument for the existence of a God—our first issue in discussion being the statement "There is no God," he differing—to show that this important part of the Bible is without any accredited authorship and therefore is not genuine. I was not, however, at all aware of the usual reply of the Christians that Moses had written all the main parts of the Pentateuch but that the account of the death and burial given in the Pentateuch had been written by some one else.

Wilkinson said that it was common for persons to write biographies of the lives of men and attach them to the books of those men; that generally these biographies were placed in the beginnings of such books, but that in the case of Moses and the Pentateuch this account of the death and burial of Moses had been put at the end of the writings of Moses.

We all know that when such biographies of writers are given by another person, the name of the writers of the biographies are attached to the biographies, and that the two books, the one of the main writer and the one of the biographer are plainly made separate and distinct.

In the case of Moses and the Pentateuch, however, there is no break in the account of Moses while he was writing and the account of his death and burial—~~and~~—is in any way, that it is not all written by the same party, and the assumption of Mr. Wilkinson that there was another party who wrote the account of the death and burial of Moses, had to be maintained the false theory of Mr. W. that it is his duty to make the best explanation that he can in defense of his religion, even though there is evidently no logical defense that can be made.

(To be continued.)

OUR FEAST

WILL BE ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

It is too bad that Dr. Wilson is not in this country at present to boom our St. Louis Congress. Nevertheless those of us who are most exert our utmost to make our next meeting one of the most important events of the World's Fair.

The German Liberal Society of St. Louis holds its convention in the Mound City on October 15, 17, and 18 and has invited all sister organizations to co-operate and has extended a general invitation to all Freethinkers to participate in the deliberations.

That society was very anxious to have the National Liberal Party meet at the St. Louis on the same dates but as Dr. Wilson, our President, will not return to the United States until Oct. 15th it is impossible for our Society to meet on the same dates. But arrangements will be perfected which will even prove of greater advantage to all. All of us will want to spend a few days at the Exposition. So will all who attend the German Liberal Society's meetings. That body begins its sessions on Saturday and adjourns on Tuesday night, Oct. 22nd. Thursday and Friday for taking in the World's Fair and sight seeing. What a treat! Three days between the end of the German Liberal Society's meetings and the beginning of the National Liberal Party's Congress.

Just what we want. So let all who possibly spare the time and money spend ten days at St. Louis, beginning with October 15th and ending with October 24th. One thing I want to arrange for the members and friends of both the societies and that is a dollar supper in a garden if the weather will permit and if not in a hall. I want to see five hundred heads

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The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company is issuing monthly circulars concerning fruit growing, vegetable gardening, stock raising, dairying, etc., in the States of Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. Every Farmer, or Homeseeker, who will for ward his name and address to the undersigned, will be mailed free. Circulars Nos. 1 to 11 inclusive, and others as they are published from month to month.

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OUT IN CALIFORNIA

The Triennial Conclave of Knights Templar will be held in the early Fall. Thousands are going. It's a good time. There is no doubt but that all good Americans desire to see the Golden State some time. Here's an opportunity. Is there anything to prevent your taking advantage of the exceptionally low rates announced for this occasion?

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At St. Louis this year, be sure and stop with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wagener, 3111 North Newstead Ave.

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You will find the editor and publisher of the Blue Grass Blade at Mr. Wagener's, if we are fortunate enough to visit the Fair.

DON'T FORGET THE ADDRESS, but take this paper with you. Write them for particulars.

W. C. WAGENER,
3111 North Newstead Ave.
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seated at our supper—not the Lord's supper—no wine—and I want to see wit and humor flow instead of beer and wine. This supper shall be known as the "Freethinker's Feast" and a feast it will be.

In Wilson will be our chief entertainer at that feast with anecdotes and the like gathered on his travels and Charley Moore will tell us what he has omitted in his Dog Fennel.

So commence to make up your mind and parties to go the St. Louis in the middle of October and try and be there as near the 15th as possible.

M. S.

NOTICE.

In the Blade of August 25th was published the Constitution and By-Laws of the National Liberal Party. It is hoped that every member of the Party will read it carefully, and those desiring to propose any change are requested to communicate with the Secretary at an early date. The Congress meets in St. Louis on Oct. 22, 23 and 24th. Address Morris Sachs, Secretary, Atlas Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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